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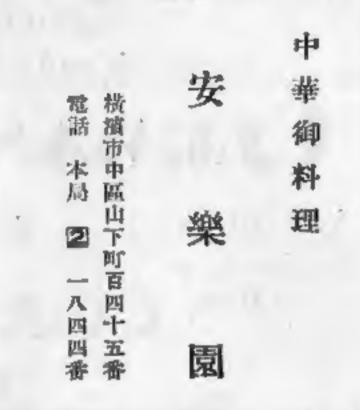
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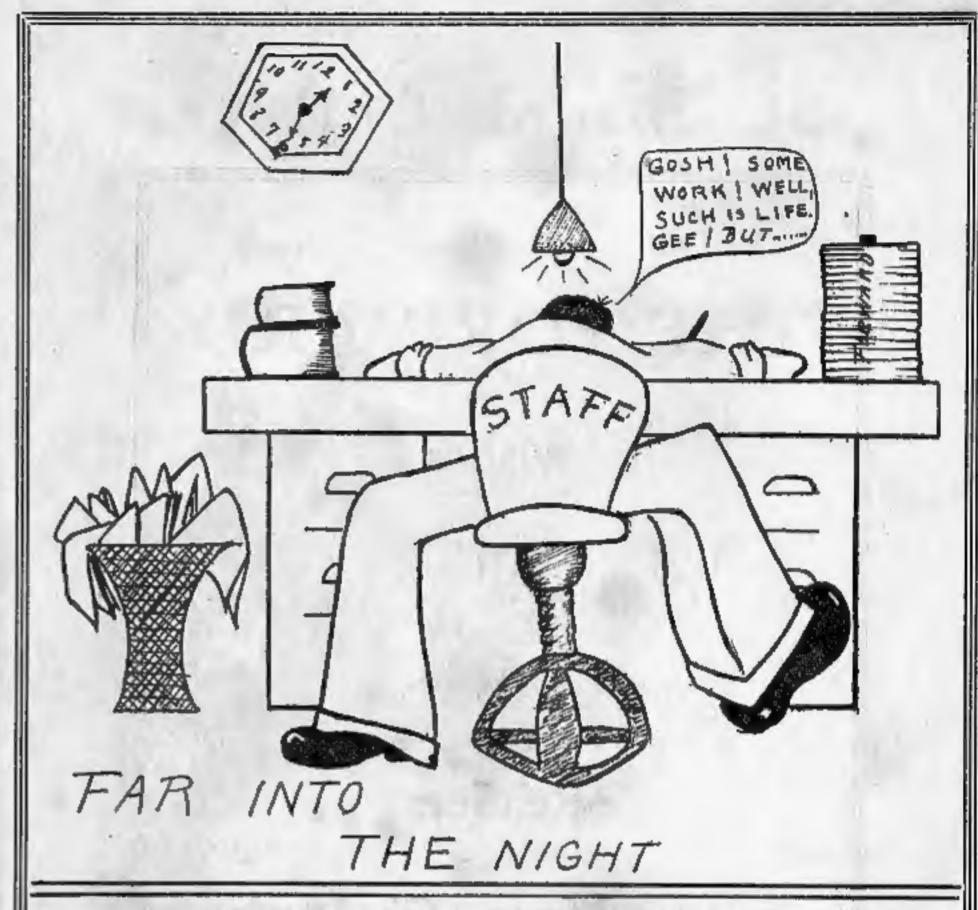
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and

a Happy New Year



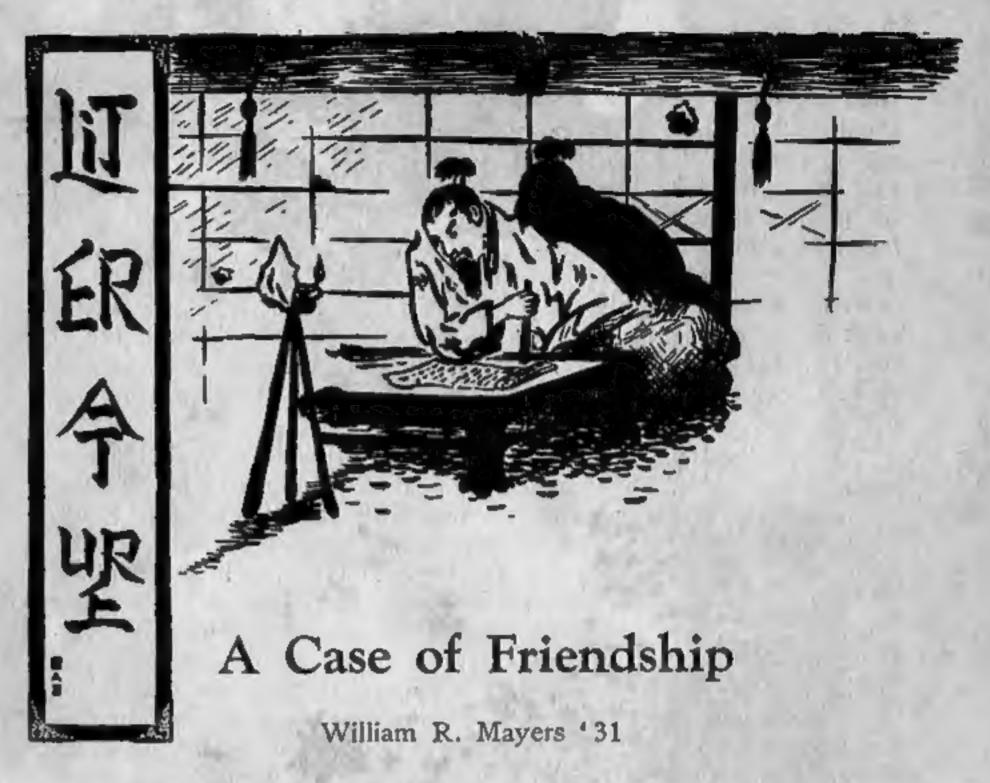
To Mr. Louis Stoltz,

Founder of Saint Joseph College, this
Forward is respectfully dedicated.

Beyond the Curtained Window

Ye that live in mansions marbled; Halls that ring with laughter's mirth, Where the scent of pine and holly Is stranger to the woes of earth; Look beyond the curtained window! Beyond the pendant holly green, Where the chilling snow is falling Out upon a chilling scene! Enter there—the poor man's hovel; Walls that sigh with pain and woe; Faces pinched and forms half frozen; Cause the cold hearth but to glow. Calm that sad heart, make it lighter; Help the children chilled with cold. Then your halls will be but brighter, When the Yule-tide bells have tolled.

W. A.



N the village Kuraya, now called Kokura, the Tanaka family had its abode. It was a very small family—Genzaburo and his widowed mother. The Tanakas had a queer tradition. When the internal commotion of 1758 occurred, splitting their native country into two opposing factions, Suezo Tanaka, the father of the family, sided with the eastern rebels. He had done his best to persuade his wife to look up a house in one of the strongholds of his adopted territory. She, however, had persistently refused, since her parents were faithful adherents to the hereditary ruler, lord of the western faction. Suezo committed his wife and their baby son Genzaburo to the care of her aged parents, and left.

A year went by; the fight ended with the annihilation of the rebels. Suezo Tanaka had fallen on the field. His wife still remained in the house of her parents, for after their death she became its mistress. Vehemently hated by her acquaintances, she had indeed a hard time eking out a livelihood by sewing "haori" (cotton mantles).

At the age of seven, Genzaburo sensed the first pangs of yearning for friends. Hitherto he had desired no other companion than his mother. Now he attempted to make pals of the boys in the neighborhood. Everybody turned from the poor lad in disgust, saying coldly: "I will have nothing to do with the son of a murderous rebel." Genzaburo wondered at these words and asked his mother what they meant. She then told the story that never failed to cause her anguish.

The son heeded her words but still went about his pitiful search. Then suddenly he made a grand find. The boy living next door became his very friend, the pal of a rebel's son! Over-joyed in his new company, Genzaburo could hardly wait for the night to pass away, so eager was he to resume the games so long denied him.

Poor, ill-fated boy! A cruel disappointment, a veritable torture, awaited him. Soon Kazuhide's mother got to know of the intimate terms on which her son was with the "despicable boy." She forbade communication of any sort, giving her son a punishment whenever her order was disobeyed. Once, when Kazuhide had cautiously climbed over his backyard fence into his pal's weedgrown garden, and had been caught by an eavesdropper in conversation with the "Despised of the Village," mother shut up the disobedient fellow in the "oshire" (space in wall for quilts) for two long hours. Genzaburo, once more the only lonely child in the village, broke down at this fresh turn. He could bear no more. For a time the lad's anxious mother thought he would go to a more merciful world, but Genzaburo pulled through, and was on his feet again by the "Oshogatsu" (New Year).

"Oshogatsu!" What living pictures this single word can recall to those who are acquainted with the Land of the Rising Sungaudy flags fluttering in the wind, feasts being held in gay homes. Ah! but the Tanaka family had no "gochiso" (grand treat); neither were they invited to any by their acquaintances. Poor Mrs. Tanaka looked very much like a faded lily. All her former beauty had been devoured by long, patient, and heart-breaking grief.

In vain did Genzaburo poke his thin hand into every corner of his home, hoping against hope that some mindful one had offered him a present. In vain did Genzaburo press his wan face to the wooden bars of his door, scanning the street for a messenger of good tidings.

Utterly dispirited by the lack of human sympathy, Genzaburo was passing through the street one morning with downcast eyes, when a voice softly hailed him. He looked up. There was Kazuhide casually standing near by. Eagerly Genzaburo approached

but Kazuhide passed on, hastily murmuring: "Midnight—backyard fence." Genzaburo looked down the street. What! there stood Kazuhide's mother, looking at him with a displeased eye! He understood quite well, then, the cause of his pal's hasty retreat.

Some time that night, Genzaburo awoke with a start. He looked at the position of the shining moon in the heavens. Yes, it must be quite near midnight. If he wished to meet Kazuhide, he had better start right away. Pulling on his "haori," he made for the door, and stumbled into the night. How cold it was! His threadbare garments did not spare him from the severe chilliness.

In a few seconds he was by the fence. Genzaburo could not discern Kazuhide's silhouette against the moonbeams. Perhaps he was too late, thought Genzaburo. Maybe Kazuhide had been kept waiting too long, and had returned to the warmth of his bed.

But, no! Suddenly Kazuhide came rushing over his garden, and soon the two lads were tête-à-tête.

"Please accept this box of sweets which I have purchased with my pocket-money," said Kazuhide. "I am perhaps a little late for our forbidden rendezvous. I had a tough time sneaking past mother without waking her. Take my "Oshogatsu" present, please." Over the fence a bundle changed hands.

"Thanks, thanks ever so much," sobbed Genzaburo. "You are surely a great, big-hearted friend. Take this "fude" (brush for writing). It is not much, but my heart goes with it."

Thus, in spite of obstacles, the loving boys managed to prove their affection for one another.



A Ukranian Fair of Days Gone-By

George A. Beckman '31

GAILY are the people flocking to Kobelaki! Happy are those who live in it! The Fair (and what pleasant emotions this word conveys to an Ukranian!), the long-awaited Fair is to take place in a week. In a week, the whole country-side will become a Mecca for tradesmen, pleasure-seekers, drunkards, and "bandurists" (blind musicians). In a week, the roads will be full of slowly moving "arbis" (carriages used for the transportation of heavy loads), oxen, with their inevitable cud-chewing and ever-vacant stare, and optimistic sellers of "vodka" (Russian brandy), "spotikatch" (cherry-brandy), and many other good things.

Already some of the streets are blocked with "telegas" (carriages for lighter goods) and "arbis," whose owners have relatives in Kobelaki, and who had come before time to spend a number of days in the feverish activity which always precedes such a festival. In the place before the church, the stands for the theater, which forms an inevitable part of such a fair, are being raised. This theater often represents the chief attraction of the fair to many visitors. Here assemble all kinds of wandering artists and jesters, who amuse the people either by the presentation of national ballads or by jocund witticisms. The actors are usually clad in quaint, ancient costumes, according to the roles they represent. But what attracts people to the theater more than all this are the aged story-tellers, who earn their bread by the relation of national tales and traditions.

At last the long-awaited day arrives! From morning the entire country-side seems to be changed. As one approaches Kobelaki the spirit of the fair -bargaining- seems to hold chief sway over this human sea. Buying and selling are going on everywhere. Despite this prevailing commercial spirit, over all hovers the jovial kindliness possessed by the Ukranian people.

On the bridge the gay crowd consisting of fair maidens, "parubki" (young men), and peasants, stands in groups watching the newcomers. The maidens in their best costumes, with their long ribbons of red, scarlet, yellow, and green winding about their necks, look like gates of hospitality. "Parubki," with their skyblue eyes and straw-colored hair, stand laughing at everything, and especially at the unfortunate falls of some of their clumsy and ungainly comrades. Farmers, with their "tutuns" (pipes) be-

tween their teeth, and low-dropping moustaches curling down on both sides of their ever-smiling mouths, prove the well-known good-nature of the Ukranians. The peasants are dressed in "sharovaris (pants) broad as the Black Sea" and snow-white shirts, with embroidery all along the borders; their heads are clean shaven, except on the crown, from which a long "chub" (a long rope of hair) drops down.

As one passes through the happy gathering, he will at once be surrounded by a crowd of paupers, by sellers of refreshments and talismans, and by the ordinary loafers. Behind them, with carriages serving as their booths, a whole row of sellers of wheat, vegetables, clothes, and copper-crosses, stands with the tradesmen shouting the advantages of their respective goods. They are always surrounded by a crowd of idle watchers who bargain for everything, and who buy nothing.

But among these lingering bargainers, the real participants of the fair are seen. Peasants and merchants communicate freely, and money and merchandise change hands easily and quickly. No idle bargain is struck here; sheer business is the thing that counts.

In one corner an old tradesman may be seen trying to sell a still older suit of clothes to a "parubki." The latter wants to get the suit and yet he desires to retain the money. At the end vanity wins, and the youngster hands over his "chervonzi" (money) to the merchant. On the other side an old farmer is selling a bag of wheat; his customer is a peasant, too, and above the surrounding din their loud, hearty cursings can be heard. At the end, the question is settled amicably, with both parties marching off into the same "chinok" (wine-shop).

Before the church and alongside the theater, the cattle-and-horse selling is going on. Here, above the national tunes heard from the newly raised stands, the lowing of the cows, and the bleating of the sheep can easily be distinguished. The commerce here takes on a more jovial aspect. Both the purchasers and the sellers are "hohols" (nickname for Ukranian farmers), and many a funny scene takes place here. Here you may see a peasant trying to prove to an owner of a fat cow and of a bottle of "spotikatch," that the price set for the cow should pay for the bottle too. At the end the pair reaches an understanding, by deciding to drink the contents of the much-disputed vessel together.

The surrounding streets are full of gay people who celebrate lucky purchases by a glass of "vodka," while others, who had just sold out their goods, walk around with happy faces, and wonder how to spend the newly acquired treasure. This is the

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easiest question to answer. Such farmers soon discover a longlost uncle or cousin, with whom they enter the first wine-shop, to celebrate the sudden finding of a relative in Kobelaki.

Almost at every corner a low singing accompanied by the monotonous drone of the "bandura" (musical instrument) proclaims the fact, that a "bandurist" is sitting near-by. Such a begging musician often presents a pitiful sight—he is always blind, and is always dependent on a faithful dog, that serves him as a companion, a friend, and a guide.

The theater is overflowing with the holiday-making throng. On the stands an old wizen story-teller is relating a ballad, to the accompaniment of an old musical instrument. The audience follows excitedly all the details of his imaginary fight with the Turk. In his crackling voice the entertainer relates one dreadful episode of the battle after another. The spectators are held spell-bound by his recital, and they will not leave the theater until the story ends.

Such a festive spirit will govern Kobelaki for another five or six days. After that the roads will be filled with returning "arbis" and "telegas," and the country-side will don its usual apparel till next summer, when the same pilgrims will flock there again.

The Fishermen's Homecoming

With soundless tread the moon goes past
Along its silv'ry path on high.
The moonbeams light with radiance pure
The waters deep that 'neath them lie.

In lengthy line, flat-bottomed boats
Are sailing swiftly, bound for home:
With riches from the liquid depths
Returning from their daily roam.

The vessels run with grating sighs
Upon the moonlit, sandy shore.
The fishermen, home again unscathed,
To anxious, loving hearts once more.

William Raphael Mayers '31

The White Eel

Gerald Gomes '31

IN the gently undulating plain of Izumishi, on the hill of Sasaki, reposes the Izumishi Castle encircled by a deep moat and massive walls; the seat of the ruler of all the lands within sight from the towers of the castle.

The ruler, in the prime of life, was a little over the average height. His face was half covered with a luxuriant growth of black, glossy beard. The piercing eyes beneath his grizzly eyebrows spoke of keen intelligence. In fact, he was called "the wisdom-pouch" of the lord of lords, the "Sei-i-tai Shogun" (great barbarian-compelling General).

The lord of Izumishi Castle had such a vast knowledge of things scientific, that no one ever stunned him with a question, nor could any one ever defeat him in battle. Many lords of neighboring provinces were jealous of his wisdom and his extensive provinces. They would have seized his land, had it not been for the ascendency of his mind and power.

Now, the lord of Izumishi, "the wisdom-pouch," had one odd habit. Every morning at breakfast he would sit alone on a pile of silk zabutons (cushions), and partake of the sumptuous meal of a rich lord. Then he would clap his hands thrice, and a retainer, Gonzaemon, would gently glide through the karakami (sliding-door) into the dining-room bearing a large lacquer-bowl with a lid. He would approach his august master on his knees, and carefully place the bowl on the table; then bowing, three times he would again leave in the same manner as he had entered.

What this large bowl contained, no one had the faintest idea; not even the retainer who brought it daily to his lord knew the secret of the lacquer-bowl. His everyday-duty was only to carry the bowl from the private closet, the key of which his master lent him for the occasion. Anyone found guilty of having pried into the mystery of the lacquer-bowl was ruthlessly executed. And his family was deprived of the heritage of knighthood to the seventh generation.

These punishments suppressed the growing curiosity of Gonzaemon for he had a family of eight to support, and he cherished his life too dearly. But the hope of just a glimpse of what he always carried to his master gripped and shook him, flaring up the smothering fire of curiosity.

So it happened that one morning as he was returning from his master's presence with the closed bowl and the rest of the emptied bowls and dishes, casting furtive glaces around him, he took advantage of a deserted corridor and cautiously lifted the forbidden lid. His eager eyes were surprised to see a white eel amidst the scarlet interior of the bowl. "Ah," he thought, "this was the source of the lord's wisdom." He tasted a bit of the eel; all of a sudden a great idea occurred to him. Giggling to himself, he wrapped the white eel in a silk cloth and hastened to the three neighboring lords.

On learning what he had on his person, the lords readily welcomed Gonzaemon who told them that he would sell the wisdom-eel to them. The lords generously paid him enormous sums

of gold.

That night a sumptuous feast was laid. The white-eel was sliced into four pieces and served to the eager lords and to the traitor, Gonzaemon. They would be wise, they thought, as wise as the lord of Izumishi. With the tact and strategy of the four, they would be able to overcome the army of Izumishi. Musing over their bright prospect, Gonzaemon and the rest retired for the night.

The next morning sad news was dispatched to the lord of Izumishi that three of his neighbors and a nondescript had died a mysterious death. Another message to the effect that the "Sei-itai Shogun" ordered the three provinces of the deceased lords to

be confiscated to the lord of Izumishi.

The "wisdom-pouch" compared the two dispatches with a satisfied smile and a knowing look. He opened his private closet, took out the emply tell-tale lacquer-bowl and said: "At length my plan is accomplished."

To a Snowflake!

Snowflake, feathered fairy,

Dancing on the wintry gale,

Your footsteps light and airy,

As toward the earth you sail.

W. A.

Chinese Peculiarities

K. Pow '31

AS I sit on the cozy little sofa in my study, and complacently gaze upon a picture of a Chinese home, I feel urged to jot down a few notes on the peculiarities of such a home, and on the customs of the Chinese people.

The home of a Chinese, though different from that of his western brother, is a small world of beauty and magnificence. Priceless antiques, porcelains, delicate ivory carvings and luxurious architectural decorations make it a feast for the eyes of a stranger. Carpets are out of style and different kinds of rugs are now in the Chinese home. It is true that the house of a wealthy Chinaman argues very little for comfort, since it is badly built though rich in ornament. Generally, the domicile is a one-story building, the roof of which is supported by gigantic pillars of timber, after the manner of a Chinese temple. In towns where the population is packed together like sardines, houses of more than two stories may be found.

In front of the richer houses, hideously carved monsters are seen. The threshold of the poorer homes are decorated by painted monstrosities. The purpose of these ridiculous ornaments is to terrify evil spirits, so that they may find no entrance to the Chinese homes for which reason the more frightful the appearance the better the "ornament."

Chinese houses are not provided with fire places; and the cooking apparatus differs in various parts of the country. During the cold season, rooms are overheated and invariably underventilated, for the Chinaman has no idea about fresh air. In the houses of the poor, where poverty does not permit sufficient heating, wadded garments are piled one on the other, until the wearer resembles a barrel and is hardly able to move about.

Sometimes the windows may be of glass; but generally they are made of stiff oiled paper. Bamboo bead "screens" form the sole division between living and sleeping rooms in many homes, while even that apology is naturally missing when the space is very limited. Pictures are unusual even on well-to-do walls but the kakemono, borrowed from Japan, may often be met in the finer residences.

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So much for the house itself. Now for a few customs which prevail in the Chinese household. The mother of the home, generally takes care of the kitchen; in fact she has to work very hard. She gets no chance to eat with her husband. Her clothes must by no means hang on the same hook as his, nor should she occupy his chair. She is only a slave, and in many cases her life is extremely bitter. The position of the wife is, however, greatly improved by the advent of a son, an event of enormous importance.

Bachelors are scarcely known, for men marry young, with the exceptions of priests, hermits, and such folks, it being considered an offence, an outrage against society, to remain unmarried. Boys over seven, dine separately from their little sisters; and when the numbers of the family are being totalled many fathers will omit altogether the girls from their reckoning.

Children are forbidden by their parents to deal with games and other exercises; all they are acquainted with is gambling. For this reason they have few organized amusements with regular rules and a fixed object of attainment. However, when the young Chinese gentleman comes in contact with Western games, he usually becomes a very good tennis, hockey, football, or billiard player.

The Chinese, like most Orientals, are very tender toward young children, but the paraphenalia surrounding the birth of sons are peculiar to the country. Of course, the customs differ in different provinces, but in general the appearance of a chunk of raw ginger suspended over the main entrance announces the birth in the house. When the event is imminent, the mother-in-law burns incense before the household god—a small representation of the goddess of mercy or of Buddha, is the most usual—and before the tablet of the family ancestors; and she offers fervent supplications for safe delivery and the well-being of the infant.

The newborn baby is swaddled for a month in the old clothes of elder members of the family, no other garments being provided till "shaving-day." This ludicrous custom is supposed to ensure the descent of some, at least, of the nobler attributes of the seniors to the infant; and many parents believe that it affords promise of long life, especially if the clothes are worn out and have belonged to an aged person.

No account of Chinese family life could close without allusion to that most pitiful excrescence......the baby tower. Among the poor where food for a large family can be obtained only with much difficulty, the heartless practice still obtains of getting rid of the superfluous girl-children.

A melancholy, windowless structure, generally without roof decorates the landscape in many a solitary part of the country, away from the confines of the town. A square aperture above the height of a tall man, is the only break in the dull wall. Upon the ledge of this aperture, the peasant lays his unwanted offspring; the next visitor pushes the helpless mite through the opening, and deposits his own burden in its place.

Christian missionaries find fruitful fields of labor near these baby towers. They rescue the deserted children and rear them, thus saving an untold number of valuable lives. May they long continue their wonderful work of disinterested charity!

I conclude my brief sketch with an earnest prayer that Providence may guide aright these interesting Chinese people and may free their fair land from the civil war which now enthral it.

BEGINNINGS

A tiny organism,
Half-hidden, there it lies.
In time it waxes strong;
A tree now greets the skies.

A tiny wish,
It grows a strong desire.
As history's pages turn,
Golden deeds it doth inspire.

A little Child Without a home, nay worse, A manger for His bed— Creator of the universe.

William Clarke '32.

The Samurai's Armour

George J. Walker '31

HIS incident happened in the sixteenth year of Tensho (1588). The bloody battle of Chiyasugawa was still going on. The enemies outnumbered General Tosenji's troops. Already his left wing was retreating. At every moment, new and fresh soldiers could be seen coming to the aid of

the enemies. General Tösenji had changed his charger the third time, so fierce was the onslaught. Suddenly with a wild yell his men fled in all directions. Infuriated by their cowardice, he seized the severed head of a warrior and dashed through the foes with a bloody sword. Having managed to enter the enemies' encampment, Tösenji dismounted and, raising aloft the head, cried:

"Make way, here is Tosenji's head! I want to present it to the general."

Believing him, the hostile knights opened the way and soon Tosenji confronted the opposing general, Honjo. When the two great enemies were only a few paces apart, Tosenji threw away the head and said haughtily: "Draw, General Honjo: I am Tosenji!" With these words he smote Honjo's helmet with a terrific blow. The onlookers, after having recovered from their surprise fell on Tosenji and cut him to pieces. When his men opened Honjo's helmet they found him stunned though unwounded. Although Tosenji's sword was a Masamune, the finest sword of Japan, it could not penetrate Honjo's helmet to the skull for that helmet was of the famous Miochin make.

The Miochin helmets were made by the family of Miochin for many generations. Takenouchi Sukune was the first to make them. This noble art passed from father to son; and all received credit at making the armour of the Emperor. There are many styles of armours, some of the most used being the Hineno, the Iwai, the Owari and the famous Miochin. Everyone of these helmets were made by samurais instead of artisans. These samurais did not make them for gain but for the love and honor of their treasured armour. Like the swords, the helmet and armour have been greatly treasured by the samurais. They were the soul of these warriors and the knights almost worshipped them. If someone happened to walk over these coveted treasures he was

considered as having insulted the owner and therefore killed at once. During the Tokugawa days there were numerous wars which consequently perfected the quality of the helmets. Helmets were made of precious metal for according to the samurai's mind, if they had a simple helmet, they would be ashamed when they would be beheaded and their head brought before the enemies' general. In connection with helmets and armours, there are several famous stories which portray the character and spirit of the makers and owners.

Sakujurō Katō was a famous armourer who lived during Tokugawa's time, about 300 years ago. The incapability of bullets to pass through armours of his make, made him renowned throughout Japan. One day, a Daimyō (feudal-overlord) having bought Sakujurō's armour called him to his castle and said:

"Sakujurō, I hear that your famous armour cannot be pierced by a bullet. If you are so sure of your armour, would you stand the test of being shot at with your armour on?"

"Willingly, my lord," immediately Sakujurö responded. The bullet was fired but did not penetrate the armour. From that time on, Sakujurō Katō always tested his make by this risky method.

There is another story which shows both the bravery of the samurai and the reverence he had for his helmet. The battle of Osaka was about to take place about the year 1600. A young general of Toyotomi's army called Shigenari Kimura thought that he would never return but that he would rather die for his Daimyō. Shigenari burned precious incense under his helmet so as to make the odor adhere to the helmet. After putting his helmet on, he tied the strings very securely with many knots and cut the unused portion of the string so that if he would still live after the battle he would not be able to take it off again unassisted. After the battle a helmetted head was presented to the victor. The helmet was of the best material and when it was unloosened a delicious odor floated throughout the room. The enemies were much affected by the refined thought of putting incense into the helmet and murmured a prayer to the gods for the repose of the courageous departed warrior. Such was the fitting end of a samurai.

The Will To Win

James Sawai '31

A BOUT three hundred years ago, there lived in Arita Hizen a potter, by the name of Toko Kizaemon.

After one hot summer day Kizaemon came out from the workshop to rest on the verandah. The sun was just setting when he happened to look up at a persimmon tree which was growing nearby. A beautiful color attracted his attention. It was a color produced by over-matured persimmons bathed in the sunset light—a coralline tint. Kizaemon, being so influenced by this pleasing color, made up his mind to reproduce it on a vase.

"Ah! This is a fine color! How can I reproduce it?" was Kizaemon's only thought.

Every evening he would admire the coralline persimmons. He set to work and devoted all his time to this one color. Every day he used a different method. Sometimes he took days to prepare a vase. He baked over and over but yet his tint did not correspond to that of the persimmon. Kizaemon did not work merely for himself but for the renown of the village. Gradually his resources waned but not his determination to succeed. He was so absorbed in making this coralline hue that a year and then another year fled without much improvement. Finally he stinted himself in the necessaries of life besides being obliged to dismiss his workmen. Even some deserted him because he paid no attention to them. He bore all this misfortune and it did not impede him one iota.

Sometimes the villagers gossiped to one another: "He is a fool." Time, however, proved different for the idea of making the persimmon hue was etched in his mind to stay.

At last, five years had elapsed without much success. One day just when dusk was approaching, he ran out from his workshop yelling: "Are there any faggots around? Are there any faggots around?" He ran in and out of the house like an insane man looking for faggots. He grasped any piece of wood or fuel that was available and with this kindling he kept up a continuous fire for a few days. After the required time had elapsed, Kizaemon with his bulging and eager eyes took a careful glance at the smoke and yelled: "All right," and then extinguished the fire.

Keeping in close contact, he guarded the clay oven throughout the night until dawn appeared. After the first crowing of a neighboring cock, he grew very impatient—so impatient that he began running around the oven. In the meantime dawn appeared with its cloudless sky. With his trembling hands, he opened the lid. The sun had now burst forth above the horizon, and the first radiant beam of light shone into the oven. Kizaemon cautiously brought the chinaware out one by one. Suddenly he uttered exultingly: "I have got it, the coralline color!"

Formerly his occupation in the pottery industry was that of an ordinary decorater of vases but after his wonderful success he became a master decorater and a molder. 'Kizaemon, being so successful in his experiment, made up his mind to invent other ways of producing beautiful colors.

Method after method was found by him. At last he was rewarded for his great deeds by having his name changed to Kakiemon and the result of his experiments are known as the Kakiemon methods (derived from the persimmon tests).

Afterwards Kakiemon used these methods in producing the world-known chinawares of Arita Hizen. His name is now known throughout the world. Thus has his invincible "will to win" triumphed over all obstacles and given him universal fame.

A City Night

On the strings a jazzy tune,

In the sky the lonely moon,

On the fence in silhouette,

Noisy cats in frenzied fret.

Tis nothing but a city night.

Stuart M. Manley.

Rambling Clubs

J. S. Boyd '19

PERHAPS the finest way of getting lost is to be taken somewhere by another person. The personally conducted tour is one of those inglorious cream-skimming devices which make the innocent believe that he can have his cake as well as eating it; whereas if you remove all drudgery, risk, bother and uncertainty, away goes your appetite for what little cream there is, and you will find that the cake is stale.

Yet much may be said for a good rambling club if a few simple principles are kept in mind. I think it important that any member should be allowed to suggest a ramble and lead it himself if he has sufficient experience and the committee feel that it is suitable. If this is done, full use is made of individual experience, monotony in the type of excursion is avoided, and interest is kept alive. The individual member is in full charge for the day and feels that it is his own excursion and that he must rise to the occasion and give of his best. It makes a call on his powers of observation and organization, and incidentally it sharpens his sympathy for his successors, besides encouraging others to qualify. This practice of giving all a chance of showing initiative and taking occasional responsibility develops sportsmanship and loyalty, and promotes good comradeship.

As regards details it is a good plan for the leader to go over the whole course at a moderate speed a week or two before the excursion, and measure the times required for getting from point to point. Several places for rest, shelter and refreshment should be found, and notes made regarding objects of interest near the line of route and the best positions from which good views may be obtained.

A circular or horse-shoe route is often the most interesting because repetition is avoided, and sometimes the outward track may be seen later on but from quite a new standpoint. In planning such a route it is well to consider whether it would be better to go round it in a clockwise direction or in the reverse. One direction may involve, say, walking with the low evening sun in the eyes for a long time, crossing a wide exposed place in the noonday heat, or seeing the finest view under unfavourable conditions of light and shade or too early in the day. Such an anti-climax as the latter should be avoided at all costs, and the club should

not be expected to enjoy a long dull stretch when they are tired or empty. A whistle is useful for signalling advances, halts or changes of direction and there should be a whipper-in to discourage straggling; nothing of importance should be left to chance or luck.

Sometimes the interest of a ramble may be increased by issuing a hektographed precis, with simple maps and diagrams, and by encouraging members to give indoor lectures, illustrated, if possible by lantern slides made from their own negatives, during the long winter evenings. Fixture cards giving a brief outline of proposed rambles, with the name of the leader and the estimated distance, are businesslike, and, I think, helpful. There should be a space on the card for writing in the member's name, and it should be issued to members upon payment of their subscription, which should be as moderate as possible and just enough to cover working expenses. As regards rules, all I can say is make as few as possible and keep them.

In conclusion I may remind the economist, who feels that rambling clubs take the bread out of the doctor's mouth, that they wear out many boots!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Let me choose my own good book.

Give me a quiet, cozy nook

Beside a cheerful, glowing fire—

What more than that can I desire.

Then let the snowstorm bluster, rage;

I heed it not, but turn the page

Till fancy dims in slumber—I live

In dreams—a perfect Christmas Eve.

W. A.

The Hundred Yen Reward

Joseph Fukuda '31

SADAO and Tetsuzo, fellow-lodgers of the Sawamura boarding department, were often remarked by their fellow-boarders as inseparable pals. Both were of the same age—twenty; but here all likeness vanished. Sadao was from the south, and Tetsuzo from Hokaido. Sadao was undersized and of slight built, whilst Tetsuzo was of a tall and muscular type. Yet true to the remarks of their neighbors they were the best chums. They lived together and shared everything alike: troubles, opinions, and even the last yen, when force of circumstances demanded it.

When Sadao, the smaller of the two, arrived at Osaka some two years before, he suffered numberless hardships under a brutal master. It was Tetsuzo, who saved him from further difficulties and secured for him the position of ticket-collector at the Kansaki station.

The three-thirty train drew up at the little station of Kanzaki with a furious puff. Old Morita, head-porter and station-master, was bawling in his customary bored manner. He nodded to the engine-driver; and with a snort the slow train continued northward. Morita strolled into the office without giving a single glance at the solitary passenger who had alighted.

Sadao Ogawa, booking clerk, ticket collector and general servant of the little station, posted himself at the wicket to take the ticket of the man who was now approaching him. He was a big fellow and a total stranger too.

"Fine day, sir," said Sadao politely as he reached for the ticket.

"Huh," the other grunted, "suppose it is." He stopped quite still in front of him and suddenly whipped out a small card and thrust it into Sadao's hand. The latter looked at it in surprise and said, "Mr. K. Inoue, Private Detective."

"That's me." returned the man proudly. I'm looking for a young chap of about your age, whom I trace to be living hereabout. There's a hundred yen reward for anyone who lays hands on him; and if you can help me, sonny, I will surely pay you for your trouble. Have you ever heard of a lad by the name of Tetsuzo Yamashita?"

"Tetsuzo!" gasped Sadao, while his heart almost stopped with the shock.

"So, you know him, eh?"

Sadao nodded slowly. His face had suddenly gone white and a sort of horror filled his eyes. He pointed to the ticket office and muttered, "Come in here, I'll tell you."

With a grin the detective marched past him into the office. There was a click as a key scraped in a lock and the office door was locked, leaving the detective a prisoner.

"Now, what's the mischief?" retorted the detective as he dashed to the door, then to the barred window, where he caught the figure of Sadao on a bicycle vanishing around a bend in a cloud of dust.

"A hundred yen reward for anyone who captures Tetsuzo!" these were the words which burnt themselves into Sadao's brain as he urged on the station-master's bicycle. It was Tetsuzo Yamashita the detective was after—Tetsuzo, his dearest chum and benefactor. What did it mean? What crime had Yamashita committed that a reward had been offered?

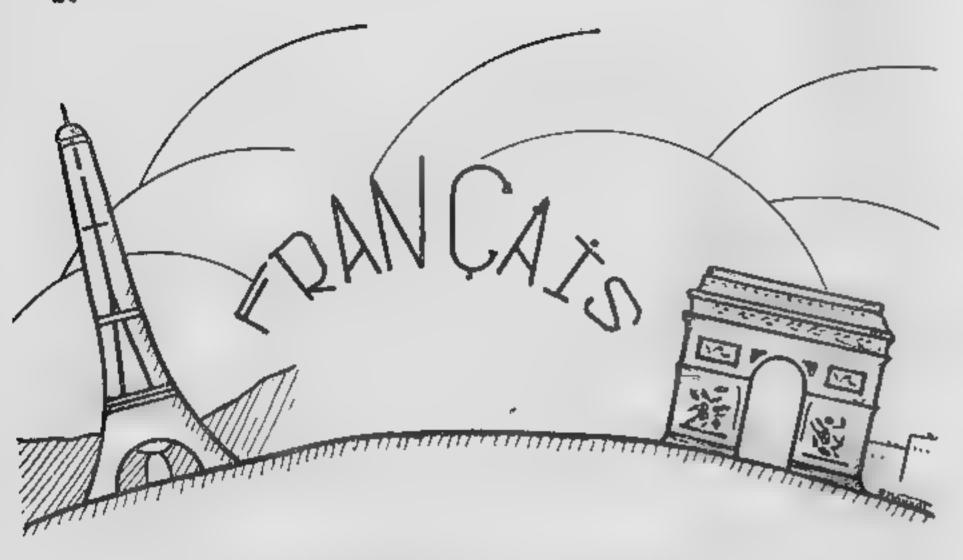
"They won't get him, anyway," gasped Sadao Ogawa, and pedaled harder on the bicycle. He sped through the village to the astonishment of the pedestrians.

"This is the last turn to his shop now," Sadao thought, as he swerved his wheel around a dangerous curve. The road had been well watered and the tires slipped. Sadao was thrown heavily upon the ground and the unfortunate boy was knocked senseless.

When Sadao came to his senses and opened his eyes, the first persons he saw were his pal, Tetsuzo, and the detective. Close to them stood the station-master.

"You found him," he muttered turning to Inoue. The detective nodded. Sadao turned sadly to his pal. "I tried to warn you in time, you know. But tell me, what is the crime for which you are wanted?"

"Who said he committed a crime!" interrupted the rough sleuth. "I've won the reward and I'm owing you a share. He is the sole surviving relative of Mineo Yamashita, the famous miser, who died recently leaving him a fortune."



FORWARD

L'honneur d'un Samurai

George J. Walker '31

Je me rappelle qu'étant tout petit, j'ai lu dans un livre de lectures, quelques récits montrant la bravoure des samurai. L'histoire que je vais raconter est celle qui est restée gravée plus profondément dans ma mémoire.

Autrefois quand le Japon était dans un état de confusion, le grand Daimyo de Genji était en guerre contre un autre grand Daimyo appelé Heiké. La terrible bataille de Yashima (près de Kobé) en résulta. Les soldats de Heiké mis en déroute, voulurent se venger sur un général de Genji appelé Yoshitsune.

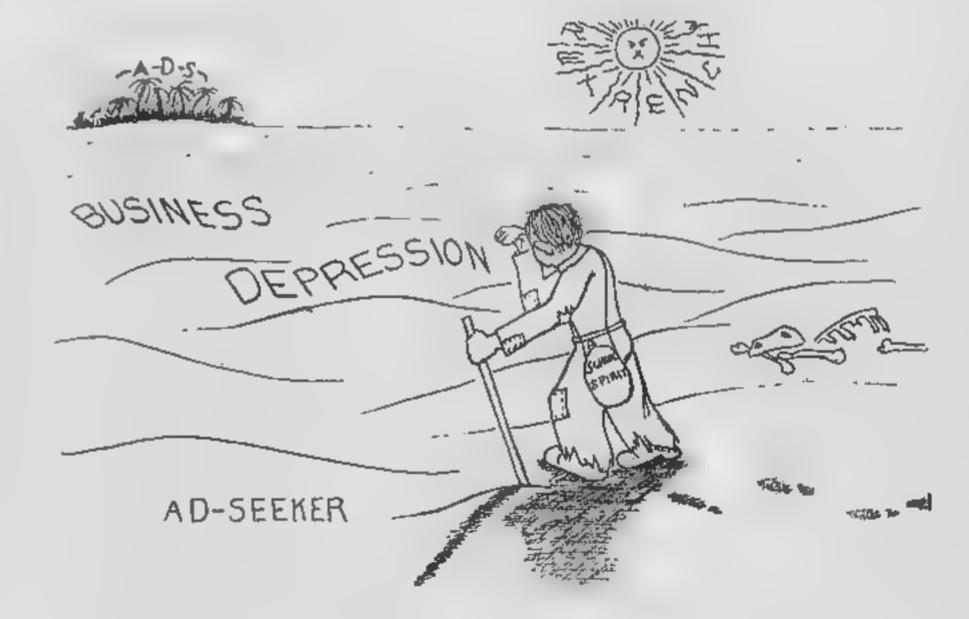
Un jour, par hasard, Yoshitsune laissa tomber son arc dans la mer de Yashima. Montant immédiatement à cheval, il poursuivit son arc. Plus d'une fois il était sur le point de le rattraper, mais chaque fois les flots l'emportaient.

Un détachement de soldats de Heiké aperçut Yoshitsune dans l'eau. C'était une bonne occasion pour eux. Dans leurs petits bateaux, ils entourèrent Yoshitsune. Au moyen de gaffes, ils essayaient de le faire tomber dans l'eau; mais Yoshitsune parait ces gaffes avec son sabre fameux. Après quelque temps il réussit à rattraper son arc et retourna vers ses soldats non sans quelques blessures. Un de ses compagnons lui dit:

"Seigneur, pourquoi exposiez-vous votre précieuse vie pour un arc? Vous avez plusieurs arcs, mais rien qu'une seule vie. Pour le bien de notre Daimyo prenez garde à vous."

A quoi Yoshitsune répondit :

"Ami, vous vous trompez. Ce n'était pas pour mon arc que je suis allé dans l'eau. Un arc est bien peu de chose, mais c'était à cause de ma réputation que je suis entré dans la mer, Si mon arc était comme ceux de mon oncle Tametomo, le meilleur archer du Japon, je n'y aurais pas fait attention, car son arc est si fort qu'il faut cinq hommes pour le tendre. Mais le mien est très faible: un homme ordinaire peut s'en servir. Si mes ennemis l'avaient eu, ils auraient dit que je suis faible. Pour moi, la renommée vaut mieux que la vie."



"L'honnêteté est la meilleure politique"

George Yamada '31.

Le monde n'avait pas été bien aimable pour le rôdeur solitaire qui marchait avec peine, le long du chemin poudreux, sous le brûlant soleil. Il était en haillons, l'aspect malpropre et l'air affamé. Affaibli par les privations, chaque pas qu'il faisait semblait être son dernier.

Par intervalles des automobiles passant à toute vitesse, l'enveloppaient dans un nuage de poussière, où il étouffait. Mais il ne paraissait pas se soucier de cela, car la vie ne l'avait jamais bien traité et la mort lui eût été une récompense.

Bientôt, une autre automobile plus luxueuse que les premières passait, l'inondant de poudreux nuages. La voiture seule était une fortune. Un chauffeur en livrée la conduisait, et la figure d'un homme d'affaires émergeait du coupé.

Le dépit était grand dans le cœur du rôdeur. Mail il continua lentement son chemin. Il se décida enfin à se reposer un peu. Son attention fut attirée par l'ombre fraîche d'un grand pin au bord de la route. Il allait s'assoupir sur la terre, quand ses yeux s'arrêtèrent sur un gros portefeuille posé près d'une touffe d'herbe. En y regardant de près il vit le nom: "H. Murata." Il y trouva plusieurs papiers de valeur et des titres d'un total approximatif de dix mille yen.

Tous ses sentiments de déséspoir s'évanouirent. Il ne voulait plus se reposer-il n'en avait pas besoin maintenant.

En retournant vers la route, il vit plusieurs empreintes de pied et aussi celle d'un pneu. Certainement il y avait quelque relation entre ces empreintes et le porteseuille, mais il ne chercha pas trop à résoudre ce problème car l'argent lui faisait trop grandement désaut.

Il cacha sa trouvaille sous ses haillons et continua son chemin. Il fut encore noyé dans la poussière de la somptueuse automobile qu'il avait rencontrée il y a une heure et qui s'en revenait maintenant. Le visage de l'homme d'affaires exprimait une grande anxiété à présent.

Le rôdeur continua à marcher. Après un certain temps il entendit le bruit d'un moteur venant derrière lui. Arrivée à sa hauteur, l'automobile s'arrêta à côté de lui, et l'homme d'affaires lui demanda:

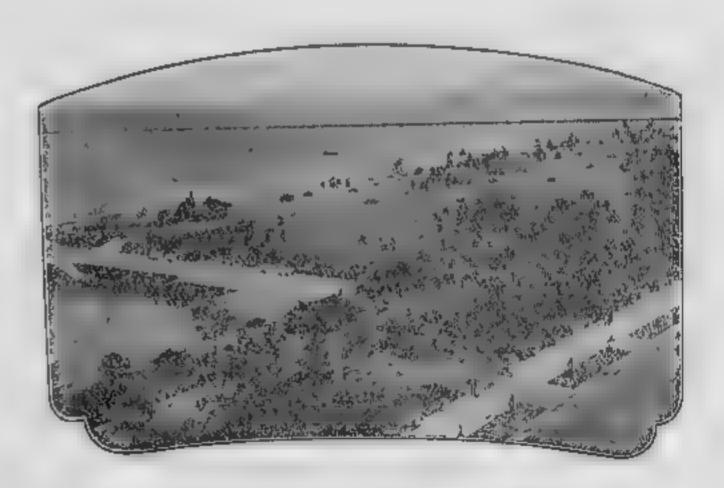
- "Avez- vous passé sous le grand pin?"
- "Oui monsieur," reprit le rôdeur.
- "N'auriez-vous pas trouvé un porteseuille à l'ombre de ce grand pin?"
- "Quel est votre nom?" demanda le rôdeur, qui ne tenait pas à lâcher si aisément son trésor.

"Je m'appelle Hideo Murata. Pendant que mon chauffeur changeait un pneu, je suis allé me reposer sur l'herbe à l'ombre de ce grand pin. Le portefeuille a dû glisser là.

Le diable de la tentation lui chuchota—" Gardez-le! vous êtes dans le besoin plus que ce riche—tenez-le bien." Mais lui de répondre;

"Oui, j'ai trouvé votre bissac." Et il le sortit de dessous ses haillons et le rendit à son légitime propriétaire.

Depuis ce jour-là notre rôdeur n'est plus le vagabond que nous avons rencontré. M. Murata, pour le récompenser de son honnêteté, l'a pris à son service et se montre fort aimable envers lui. Une fois de plus le proverbe s'est trouvé realisé; "L'honnêteté est la meilleure politique."



Les communications avec les fantômes

Geo. A. Beckman ' 31

"Je vais vous confier un grand secret," disait Johnson, une connaissance de deux mois. "Un des mes amis, Mr. R (il faut taire son nom), qui est mort il y a deux ans, me visita dans ma chambre hier. Il était très nerveux, et il semblait être agité par quelque chose. Enfin il saisit un crayon et écrivit: "Donnezmoi vingt dollars. Je reviendrai demain." Vous comprenez que c'est une proposition de grande importance parce qu'il s'agit d'entrer en communication ayec les esprits."

J'étais ébahi par ce récit. Entrer en communication avec les esprits, l'idée me plaisait et j'étais décidé à résoudre le problème coûte que coûte.

"Eh bien," demandai-je à Johnson, "que voulez-vous faire?"

"Je ne sais pas. Je n'ai pas un centime sur moi, et R reviendra dans deux heures."

"Si c'est l'argent qui vous arrête, voilà la somme que vous désirez," et disant cela, je lui donnai les vingt dollars.

Cette nuit-là je ne pus dormir. J'avais peur que R ne reviendrait pas, et que cette bonne chance serait perdue. Mais, avec les premiers rayons du soleil, Johnson me visita disant que R avait pris l'argent.

Pendant deux mois, R visita Johnson, et pendant ce temps je lui donnais régulièrement des sommes entre vingt et cinquante dollars.

Un jour Johnson entra dans mon bureau, hors d'haleine :

"Jean," cria-t-il, "voilà la grande chance de notre vie. R m'a visité hier; il m'a dit qu'il voulait organiser "la banque des fantômes," pour communiquer avec les esprits de l'autre monde. Il demanda une grande somme, et je lui ai promis un millier. Quelle sera votre part?"

Je lui donnai cinq cents dollars, et avec cette somme il disparut.

Pauvre homme! Se croyant victime de la science il n'est que dupe de la supercherie. Il sacrifie sa vie pour cette sub-lime fin d'entrer en communication avec les fantômes, et il n'y a pas de doute, son héros n'est pas mort, car il a disparu sans payer ses dettes et un loyer de plus de six mois,

La salle de musique hantée

William Raphaël Mayers '31

C'était une nuit obscure et orageuse. Il pleuvait fort et le vent hurlait comme mille loups. Jean et moi, tous deux pension-naires à l'école Ste. Marie, nous passions dans le corrider sombre qui relie la salle d'étude au dortoir. A gauche de ce passage était notre vieille chambre de musique. Il y avait longtemps qu'on ne s'en servait plus. Un piano solitaire était le seul meuble qui y fût resté.

Souvent j'avais entendu de mes camarades que cette chambre était hantée. Oui, hantée par un fantôme qui jouait doucement cet ancien piano. La porte de chêne de cette chambre était maintenant devant moi. J'arrêtai ma promenade et Jean s'arrêta aussi. Les mêmes pensées nous obsédaient, et bien que je crusse que ce devaient être là des ruses de l'imagination de mes camarades de classe, je n'étais pas sans crainte; à dire vrai, j'étais terriblement effrayé. Quelque part, derrière la porte de chêne, quelque chose grinçait. Un tremblement passa dans tout mon corps.

"Oh! Jean!" dis-je, pris d'un rire forcé, nous nous imaginons toutes sortes de choses affreuses. Pour ce qui est du spectre de musique, cela n'a pas de sens..."

Mon discours encourageant sut coupé par le souffle très rapide de Jean. Quand je le regardai, son visage était couleur de cendre.

"Pierre," me dit-il tout à coup, saisissant ma manche bien vivement, vous entendez cela?...entendez cela?..."

Tout à coup, de la porte de chêne sortaient quelques notes de la gamme. La légèreté de la touche était presque incroyable. Ce devait être quelque bon musicien qui jouait.

Hors d'haleine Jean et moi, nous écoutions, nous attendant à chaque moment à ce que le fantôme commençat à jouer une pièce de musique ou horrible, ou charmante. Mais rien ne venait! Au lieu de cela, une musique barbare commença. Nous n'avions jamais rien entendu de pareil. C'était une masse de notes produites presque en même temps. Mais cette musique était loin d'être laide. Non, elle était belle; quelque musique charmante des régions tropicales. Tout cela venait à nous doucement, très doucement. C'est avec regret que nous entendîmes la mélodie se perdre: le charme était rompu. Jean et moi, nous courûmes à toutes jambes vers notre dortoir.

Le lendemain nous déterminames d'avoir le cœur net sur cette musique. Nous allames donc dans la chambre hantée qui était maintenant vaguement illuminée par les rayons du soleil. Elle était exactement comme je l'avais vue trois ans auparavant. La poussière, reposant sur toute chose, n'était pas dérangée sur le piano. Alors c'était bien un spectre et non pas une personne humaine que nous avions entendu jouer le piano. Avec précaution Jean leva le couvercle. Peu à peu les touches se présentaient. Le moment après, nos cœurs s'arrêtèrent. Des marques étaient distinctement visibles sur le clavier. Jean inclina sa tête pour les mieux examiner. Tout à coup il éclata de rire. J'en sus scandalisé. Etait-ce convenable de rire en des circonstances aussi tragiques? Soit Jean, soit moi, l'un de nous était sou.

"Jean, de quoi riez-vous?"

"Ne le voyez-vous pas?" répondit-il. "Ces marques ne sont

pas des traces de doigts, mais celles de pattes de souris!"

"Comment l' m'écriai-je: "alors ces petites bêtes couraient sur le clavier quand nous entendions la gamme; quand elles faisaient des sauts, nous entendions de la musique barbare."

"Oui, elles ont dû percer un trou dans le piano pour y entrer.

Allons le chercher."

Et effectivement nous en découvrimes un, et avec lui la clef du mystère.



EDITORIAL

Cardinal Mezzofanti, Linguist

John G. Hasegawa '31

FROM earliest historical times, there have been great linguists such as Frederick II of Germany, Cardinal Ximenes of Toledo and many others. However, the name of Cardinal Mezzofanti is especially well known as that of one of the greatest.

Cardinal Joseph Mezzofanti was born at Bologna in 1774 and was made Cardinal in 1838. From his early youth he manifested a great inclination for learning languages. His personal friends relate that the Cardinal could speak at least thirty languages almost to perfection, whilst he could speak a number of others also with great fluency. Besides these, he had studied many languages from books, so that he could understand them without difficulty. The number of languages which this great linguist had acquired reached a grand total of 114. He must therefore have been gifted both with a prodigious memory and remarkable energy for using it to fullest advantage.

There is no doubt, that he was a "born linguist" as the phrase goes. At the same time, however, we cannot deny the fact that he had to work with untiring energy before achieving such grand success. No one—even though he be a born linguist or artist or any other sort of genius—can attain so exceptionally high a standard in his particular line of study unless he strive and struggle indefatigably to reach his end.

It is both interesting and helpful to recall the method—relatively simple—which the celebrated linguist employed in acquiring so many languages.

One way of learning modes of expression in divers tongues which Cardinal Mezzofanti used was this: he would try to express one thought in as many different languages as possible. He said to one of his friends: "Practice is the secret that makes a man learn languages. After a person masters about a dozen essentially different languages, it is of no great difficulty for him to acquire still others." Another secret of his learning languages was to find some spare time—howsoever busy he might be—to converse with himself in the different languages which he had acquired.

Once a friend of Cardinal Mezzofanti asked: "Eminence, do you study grammar or memorize words like any other person?" "Of course," answered the great linguist, "how can you speak without knowing your words? How can you write correctly without knowing your grammar?"

"But then, how can you learn so many languages in so short a time?" queried the friend again.

"Oh, that is not exceptionally hard. In almost every language there is only a limited number of hard points to which a person must direct his attention. Once you have mastered these points, it will not take long before you will have mastered the whole language. But the most important and essential thing is that you have patience and study like a school-boy learning Latin or Greek or any other language. If you really want to learn and to know a language well, it is quite necessary, as in many other matters, that you take every possible means to enlarge your vocabularies and to seize the opportunities that present themselves for exercising them.

Hence, if we might draw any inference from the linguist Cardinal's vast experience, there is no use trying to learn languages by ineffectual "short cuts." Then, too, it is quite impossible to learn any language at all as long as one deliberately fosters a foolish prejudice against it: "Oh, that's too dry!" or "What is the use of such a language in practical life?" What sensible man ever dared to say that knowing many languages and being able to speak them fluently is a loss of time, of effort or training? Certainly, all students who, by work and painstaking effort, have acquired several languages besides their mother-tongue have been proud rather than ashamed of the achievement.

CHRISTMAS

Upon the plains of Bethlehem,
In lowly manger there,
Without a crown or diadem,
Nor pomp nor riches rare,
The Prince of Peace in humblest guise,
Was born beneath the starry skies,
When man and beast in slumber lay.

W. Clarke '32

Hardships of Great Men

A, Otani '31

MOST people read books or play music without having the slightest knowledge of the author of the selections they write or play. Others may indeed know how he became famous but miss what is most striking in his life and what he might perhaps relate with tears, namely, his early hardships. With but little investigation, one might jot down pages and pages on the early hardships of great men. Let but a few samples suffice.

Everybody knows Charles Dickens, (1812-1870), novelist and humorist. Though deprived of a collegiate education through the poverty of his parents, he became one of the greatest writers England ever produced. He began his life making shoe-polish in a cellar, earning only a few shillings a week.

Hugh Miller, (1802-1856), essayist and geologist, began his life working in a quarry. Later on he was apprenticed to a stonemason.

Ludwig von Beethoven, (1770-1827), the greatest German composer, cooked his own dinner every day. His simple house consisted of two rooms. Hardly had Beethoven attained his thirteenth year when he became deaf! He is known as the creator of a world of music.

Thomas Edison, (1847-), celebrated inventor, sold newspapers at railway platforms. One day, while plying his trade, a baggage porter lifted him from the ground by the ears; the membranes snapped and that is how he became deaf.

Sir Walter Scott, (1771-1832), was a poet, novelist and historian. Whilst he was studying at Edinbugh, his genius did not shine forth. "Dunce he is and dunce he will ever be," said the professors of his university.

John Payne, (1791-1852) was born in New York. He wrote the immortal "Home Sweet Home" which is now sung and played by artists all over the world who receive thousands of dollars as pay, whilst Payne, the original composer, did not receive a penny! He was also a homeless man.

How Animals Doctor Themselves

Herbert Shoene '32

A NIMALS which are not herbiverous have often been observed eating grass. Whenever dogs or cats do this it is a sure sign that the poor beasts are ill. This illness is usually caused by the food they eat; and by instinct they seem to understand that some remedy must be taken. It is a mystery to man why they eat grass and do not chew off bark from trees, etc. From the results, however, grass seems to have great medicinal properties, and owners of dogs or cats will do well to mix a few blades of grass with the food they give to their pets.

When a domestic animal gets sick it is possible for its master to get some remedy for it, but in the case of wild animals selfdoctoring is much more noticeable. This is probably due to the fact that wild animals must depend entirely on themselves, while domesticated animals can rely to a certain extent on their masters.

Among the wild animals there is, for example, the Indian mongoose, a champion snake-killer, which is rarely the victim of the snakes it struggles with. There is no doubt that before the mongoose is master of its prey it must needs bear quite a number of bites from the poisonous fangs of the snake. Upon close observance it has been noticed that, after eating the snake, this worthy hunter of the wilds slinks into the jungles and soon comes back with some herbs which probably make the poison ineffective.

When a hungry grizzly bear eats, he eats excessively, and, as is the case with greedy people, he devours anything he sees, whether it is good for him or not. Some of this food therefore does not agree with him. When the pain in his stomach becomes acute he will be noticed to search for a certain root. Having found it he will chew the antidote as a man would take a pill. Then, as if not wanting to suffer any more, he goes to sleep. This root possesses much medicinal efficacy; and it is a sure cure for his abdominal complications.

Thus animals are able to keep well, by natural means, without paying big bills to doctors.



Jiujitsu

J. M. Fukuda '31

In any Government College of this country, there is an edifice quite singular and apart from the other regular buildings. It is usually a long, broad, one-story affair, containing but a single huge room, of which the elevated floor is cushioned with perhaps more than a hundred tatamis or mats.

Upon a rectangular board, just above the entrance, are inscribed in bold Chinese characters the words -DOJO - signifying, "A Wrestling Hall." The interior contains no furniture of any sort; nothing but numerous wooden tablets, hanging on one side of the wall. And upon these tablets are inscribed the names of the students.

But what is the science taught in this huge unfurnished apartment? The art of Jiujitsu is taught in this spacious hall. Judo, -that is, the art of Jiujitsu- resembles wrestling on the whole, but it is quite singular to it in character. It is not an art for display or a training for public entertainment. Judo is primarily for self-defense; in other words it is an art of war. It was the old samurai's method of fighting without weapons; and it is still the main self-defence for the unarmed Japanese.

Should a casual observer watch the pupils in their practice, he would at once be struck by the gravity of the youths, who barefooted and barelimbed are throwing each other on the matting. Moreover, if this spectator were a Western wrestler he would notice that they are infinitely cautious as to where they apply their strength, and further, that their grips, their holds and flings are peculiarly dangerous.

Real skill in Judo is, however, much more effective than one would imagine at first sight. The master of this art is able in one moment to lay low two, three, perhaps five, untrained antagonists. He can by some terrible twist of his arms snap a bone, unhinge a joint or burst a tendon, without much effort on his part.

When the professional Judo man encounters his opponent or opponents, he scarcely uses his own strength; he simply uses the strength of his antagonist. And, therefore, the more strength the enemy has, the worse for him, and the better for the Judo man.

"Then," you might ask, "is the more powerful antagonist the weaker in the art of Jiujitsu?" Yes, certainly; for this art teaches one to rely for victory solely upon the strength of one's opponent. And it is a known fact that it is easier to teach the science, to weaker students than to stronger ones for the latter rely too much on their own muscular strength and not enough on the art itself.

Charles Playfair '33

Beauty of form, elegant outline and delicate balance are perhaps the only features that "Japanese Floral Arrangement" presents to the uninitiated eye. The purpose of this article is to give a farther insight into this art by calling brief attention to its origin and by pointing out a few of the principles that govern its creation.

The dawn of Japan's cultural advancement dates from the introduction of Buddhism from Korea in the middle of the 16th Century. The success of this new religion was due not so much to its superiority over the indigenous cults, but more especially because it was the vehicle of a greater civilization, namely that of China, to which country

Japan is indebted for her ancient, sad but beautiful culture.

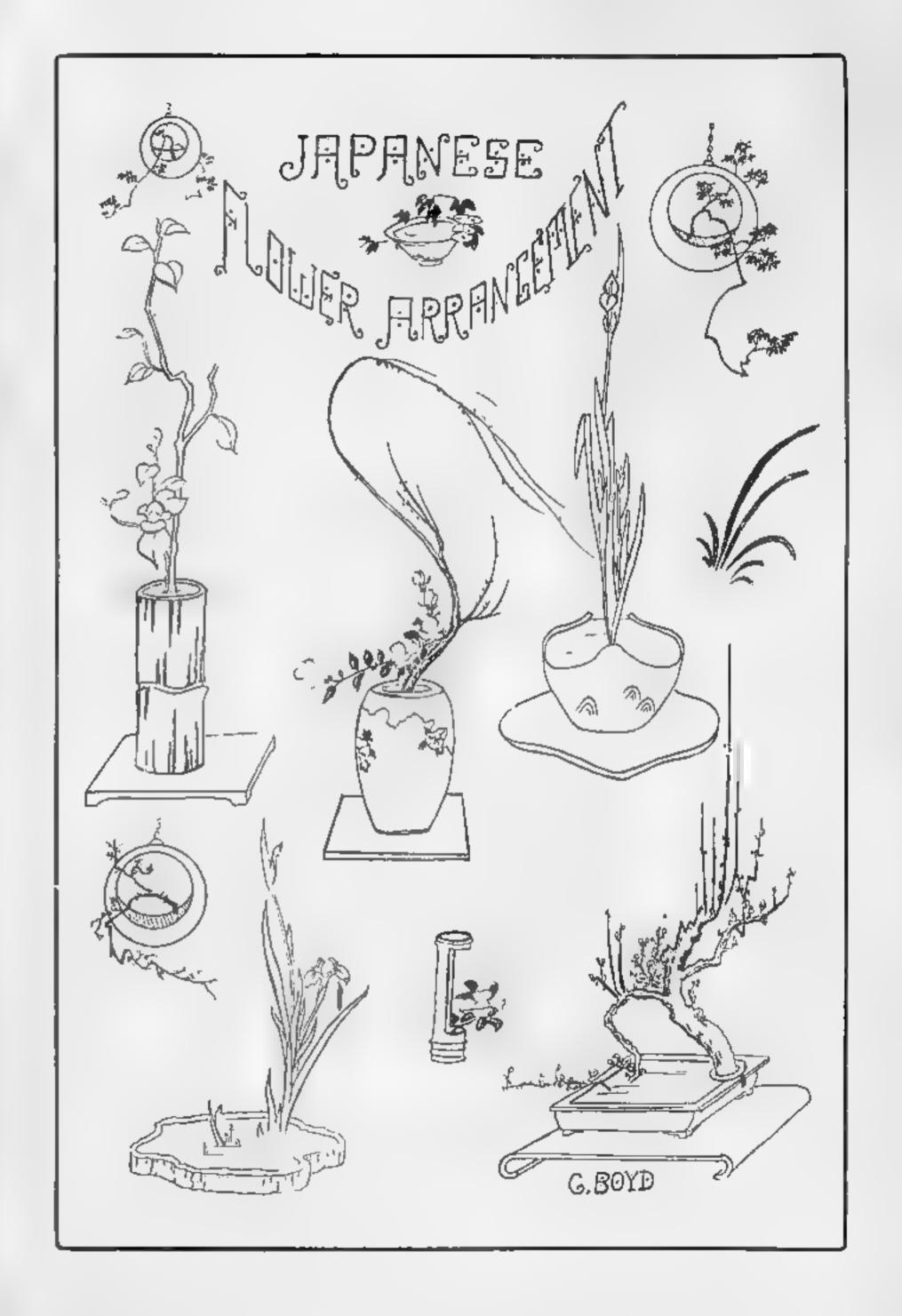
Along with the new religion came the knowledge of many of the refinements including that of the art of flower arrangement. Needless to say, it was deeply tinged with Chinese Buddhist philosophy. The Buddhistic dogma laying stress on the preservation of all life has been the root from whence arose most of the rules used in floral compositions, so much so that this characteristic trait of Buddhism even influenced the shape of the vases, which are made in a manner calculated to prolong the life of the flowers.

In the selection of materials as in their arrangement due consideration is given the idea of good and evil. Red flowers are considered unlucky as these are used in funerals and also because they suggest the colour of fire. Odd numbers are considered lucky and even numbers unlucky. Artificial symmetry is neither considered artistic nor natural and is therefore not practised in the arrangement of flowers. The different angles and curvatures to which the branches are trained are symbolic of Heaven, Earth, Air and Water, or of Father, Mother

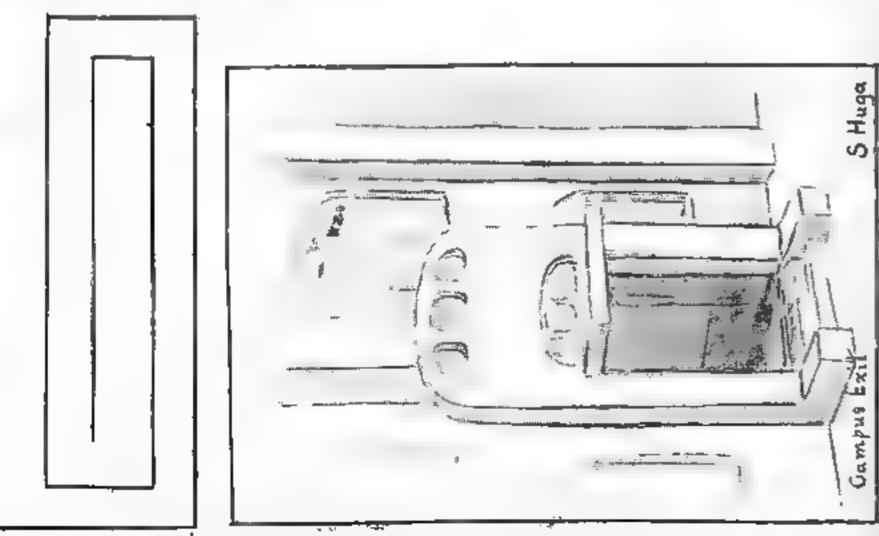
and Child as the case may be.

The different seasons of the year are manifest in the particular arrangement of the flowers. To represent the March winds the branches are unusually curved to show the high pressure of the prevailing winds. In summer the use of low, broad vessels filled with water suggests the idea of coolness and tranquillity not possible in an upright vase. The use of the graceful willow with its lengthy branches bespeaks a safe return from a long journey, particularly when one branch is made to form a circle. Presenting red flowers at a house-warming might set the guests in an uproar of laughter as red is a symbol of fire; white is the appropriate color suggesting the water to put out the fire. Evergreens or chrysanthemums are presented on the occasion of an inheritance; these flowers being long-lived convey the idea that the inheritance may remain long with you. So it is said that there is no occasion which cannot be expressed by the style in which the flowers are arranged.

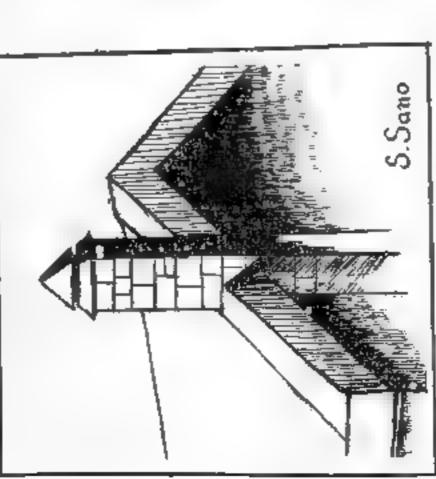
Thus, at a glance, it may be seen that "Japanese Floral Arrangement" is superior to the bunching and crowding of flowers in vases as practiced by Westerners, whilst the symbolism that accompanies the former has a tinge of originality that Japan alone possesses.



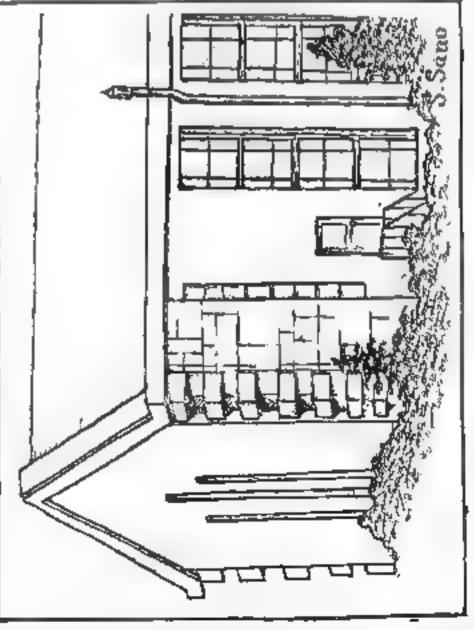
OUR ARTIS **S**



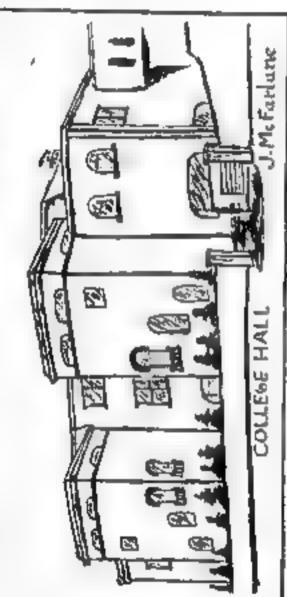
Here pend-up youth expectant rushes out to join in healthy games and sportive



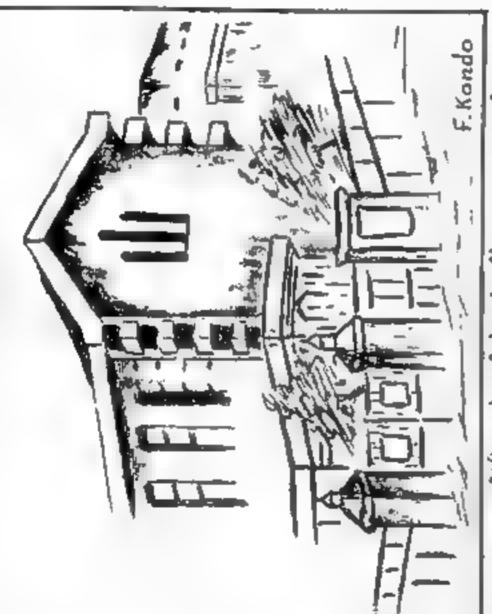
within. The lonely sentinel That breathes the warmin



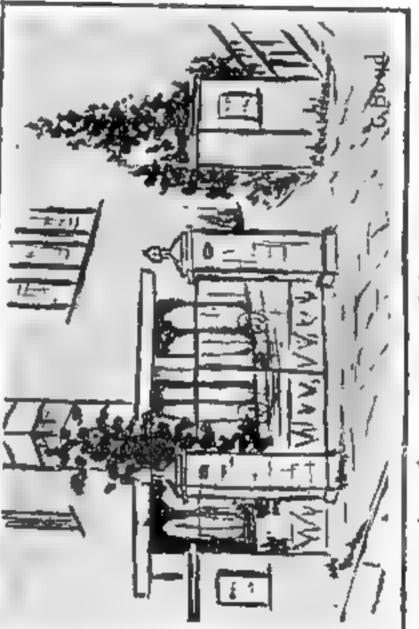
(west wing) Faculty Hall



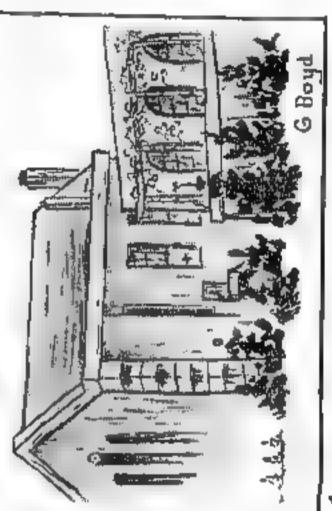
cuer-changing skies To gred the castled

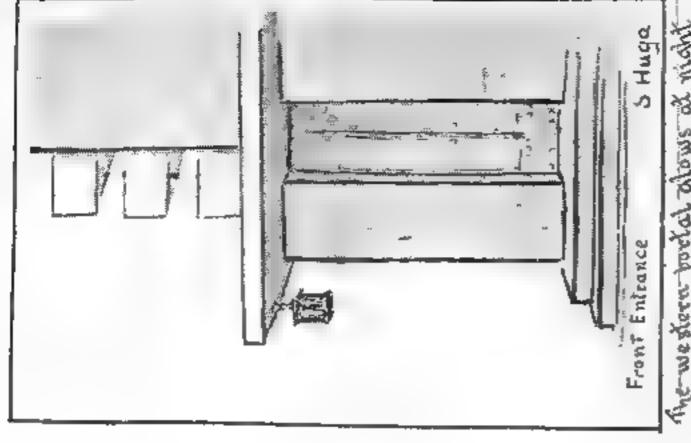


Where knowledge dwells, ignorance frees industry recalls the bees.

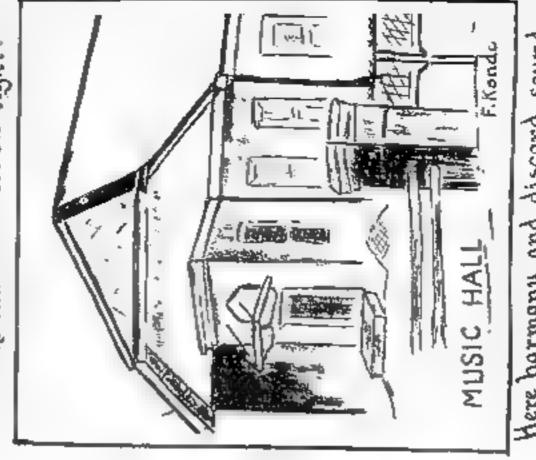


taces come and faces go; Here strangers mech and freendships grow

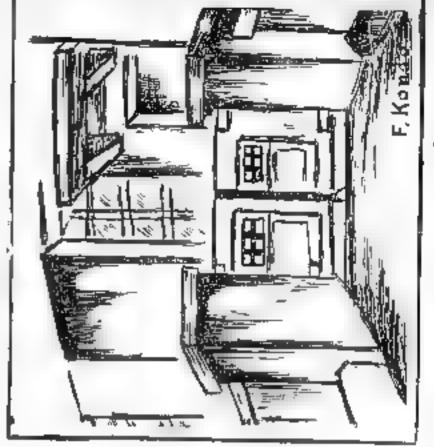




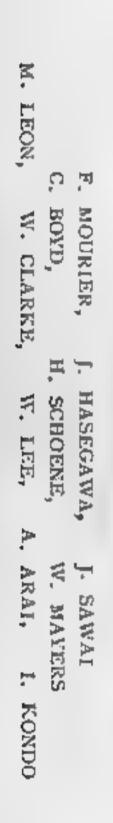
we stern portal alows in the land



Here harmony and discord, sound Their mingled notes in tortured round



(side entrance) Faculty Hall





OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

DECEMBER, 1930

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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George Yamada '31

MUSEUM DONATIONS

- Mr. D. Kennedy presented a magnificent specimen of amethyst crystals, agates and pyrite.
- Mr. D. Langford is still generously giving his services to the conchological department.
 - Mr. McFarlane donated 7 fine mineral specimens.
- Mr. Skaredoff presented a large specimen of magnetite and emerald. His son, Oleg Skaredoff, has likewise boosted the museum by offering a magnificent group of stalagmites and stalagtites, manganese and quite an assortment of other minerals.
- Professor S. Tsuboi, petrologist at the Imperial University favored our school by sending Mr. Yoshimura (chair of mineralogy at the Imperial University) to identify our minerals.
- Mr. Luis Carlos Faber, S.J. presented another goodly collection of coral and shells from Carolina Islands.
- Mr. A. Russell is helping our museum fund by generous supplies to the candy stand.

Albert Pohl has given some fine specimens of obsidian.

LIBRARY DONATIONS

- F. Y. Oki has presented our library with a magnificent pictorial entitled "Roma Sacra."
 - T. Kawata sent 2 copies of "Glimpses of Far East."
- R. Russel, Hugo and L. Frank have done admirably for the library by donating some interesting story books.

GENERAL BENEFACTIONS

Mr. W. Meyers donated a large American flag.

Charles Boyd has fixed the school radio. He also donated a "B" battery.

Miss Louise Kramer of Dayton, Ohio, sent a set of classics.



George Yamada '31

We extend our somewhat tardy congratulations to the following former graduates of S.J.C. who have received honors at the University of Dayton on June, 1930.

Graduates: Mechanical Engineering: S. Kawazoe and L. Cox. Chemical engineering: G. Weed. A gold medal was awarded to S. Kawazoe.

Sophomores: Electrical engineering: Alex. Neary; Mechanical engineering: Chas. Mahlmann.

Freshmen: Engineers: L. Galstaun and N. Didishko. Galstaun was awarded a gold medal.

John Walker '28 won first place in the examination for teachers at the Hong-Kong Technical Institute. More power to you, Johnny!

Victor Robson is to be married at Christmas, in Australia. We wish him and his bride all happiness!

Oleg Pleskoff who is working at the local Waterworks in Shanghai sent his subscription for the "Forward." He says that six of our old boys won the relay in the local swimming contest. That's the real S.J.C. spirit!

Nguyen Trang-Tang, writes us from 60 Rue Legrand de la Liraye, Saigon. He has graduated from L'Institut de Chimie at Toulouse, France. He sends his best regards to all.

Manuel Dave, sends his best regards to the Class of 32. His address is Karan-Pura, Rajkot, India. He has entered the Afred High School whence he will pursue his studies at the Poona Electrical College. We wish him the best of luck!

Mr. Janning was appointed director of the Chaminade High-School, Santa Cruz, California. The school is a new institution, having over 100 acres of property, and being beautifully situated, 50 miles south of San Francisco. All success to him!

Mr. Eiben, who has been in Honolulu, Hawaii, for about ten years as director of St. Louis College, is now the director of "Colegio Poncino," a new school in Ponce, Porto Rico. He was Mr. Janning's predecessor as professor of science at S.J.C. May his work prosper!

A. Voskressensky paid a visit to his dear Alma Mater. He resides at 283 Toyooka, Tsurumi, Yokohama.

C. Price '28 is doing well at St. Mary's University, San Antonio, Texas. Keep up the good work, Clifford!

We were agreeably surprised to see articles by two former pupils, R. Price and N. Didishko, in a recent "U. of D. Exponent." We wish to announce that we shall welcome articles for the "Forward" from our old Grads. Keep in touch with your Alma Mater!





S.J.C.'s Standing Since the Quake

Since the great earthquake of 1923, S.J.C. has played 95 soccer games. Of these 65 were victories, 20 defeats, and 10 draws. The best season was that of 1928-1929 during which time with F. Ganin as captain the Blue and White won 23 games and lost only 4.

The following is a tabular result of the seven years:

Year	Pla	ayed	Won	L	ost	Draw		oring J.C.	Ор- ролел	ts
1924-26	1	10	6		2	2		24	9	
1925-26	*****	6	3		2	1		10	9	
1926~27	1	l5	9	J	5	1		44	5	
1927-28	1	4	9		2	3		30	26	
1928-29	2	29	23		4	. 2	1	135	13	
1929-30	1	18	13		5	0		77	38	
1930	*****	3	2	٧.	0	1		11	2	
1924-30	9	95	65	2	0	10	. 3	331	102	

S.J.C. Wins Opening Game

The opening game of the football season was played against Yokohama Senmon eleven. Though the day was dreary, the game was one of the most exciting we have witnessed for a long time.

The Blue-and-Whites, winning the toss, started the attack, facing the College building. The Senmon eleven soon got the upper hand and began to invade the territory of our backs, but John Hasegawa, our goalie, cleared well.

After ten minutes of ups and downs, the Senmon managed to get first blood by aiming smartly at the corner of the net.

The Blue and Whites were determined, and after a few minutes of exciting fight, they put through a fierce shot which completely astounded the enemy's goal-keeper.

The game continued. Just before the half-time whistle, our forwards' swift passes resulted in another well-earned goal. Half time: Senmon 1; S.J.C. 2.

The second half of the game was a display of good defensive work by both teams. But because of our forwards' accurate passing and the fullbacks' wonderful team work we managed to win the first game of the season, 2-1.

Blue-and-Whites Too Good for Rising Sun

The Rising Sun XI presented themselves on the field with smart purple uniforms, but our first eleven were ready for victory.

With the sun behind, the Rising Sun kicked off. They attacked our fullbacks but J. Sawai, our captain, cleared well. A few minutes' play brought our right in to make the first goal of the game followed by Schoene's swift kick to the left corner of the net.

The ball was in the opponent's half most of the time, which fact showed the good forward work of the College team. Kondo proved to be a dependable wing man by centering the ball brilliantly many times. His corner kicks were also excellent throughout the game. The score at half-time was 4-0 in our favor.

During the first half of the battle our goalie did not touch the ball once due to the swift forwards and the "hefty" kicks of our fullbacks.

The umpire's whistle reopened the game. Mayers' high balloon to the penalty area made Schoene easily score his second goal of the day. Later, Leon, our wing, scored from close quarters.

The Rising Sun was not at all discouraged and made vigorous attacks upon our fullbacks but in vain.

There were two goals in rapid succession before the final whistle. The game ended 8-0, with our opponent still scoreless.

S. J. C. Ties Gyosei Elevent In Spite of Great Odds

Shortly after noon of November 25th, the Blue-and-Whites with a goodly contingent of cheerers embarked for Tokyo to meet the Gyosei eleven in the annual game.

Though all our regular forwards were absent, thus necessitating second-team replacements, we managed to have a first-rate game.

We took the kick-off and attempted to lodge the pill into the opponents' net. Soon, however, the weakness of our new combination became noticeable, for the ball was continually in the territory of our backs.

After a ding-dong battle in front of the goal the Gyosei shot from close quarters. Hasegawa kicked all his might; the ball met a hostile foot and bounced back like a boomerang right into our goal!

The umpire's whistle brought about the first half's finish with Gyosei a point ahead of us.

The second half found the Blues determined to score. The whistle blew, and directly our forwards charged the opponent's goal. Schoene's swift kick almost beat the goalie but the latter was too good for us.

After fifteen minutes of vigorous attack, Sawai ballooned the ball right in front of our opponent's goal. Seeing this, the forwards ran to keep the Gyosei backs from getting the pill. Schoene, with an accurate lunge, headed the ball into the goal but the Gyosei goal-keeper brushed well. Soon there was a pell-mell in front of the goal; finally, Fukuda managed to tap the ball into the net.

All the other attempts made in the last few minutes of the game were fruitless. The two goal-keepers made fine displays of real guarding and clearing.

After the game we received a generous treat from the Gyosei. This helped to kindle anew our spirits somewhat dampened because of that hard draw land and the control of the



Annual Outing

Jas. Sawai '31

Early in the morning of November 11, the upper classes boarded a train at Yokohama for the annual outing. The lower classes remained in Town and enjoyed themselves at Tsurumi Park.

After the train reached Kozu, we, Seniors, and the Juniors parted from the rest of the boys and changed for Hakone. On reaching Odawara, the Juniors, who were heading for Gora, separated from us. We rode on the bus till Moto-Hakone. With cheery songs and barrels of laughter we trotted around Lake Ashino. Then we stopped at Kojirui to lunch, enjoying the magnificent scenery.

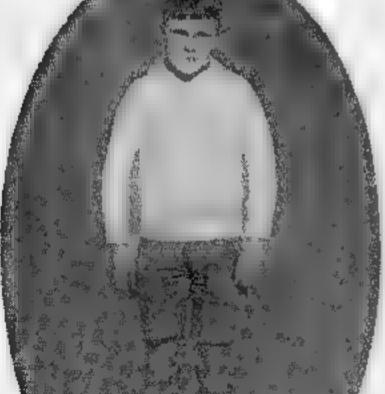
Our next destination was Gotemba through Nagao Pass. A couple of hours' winding and climbing brought us to the Nagao Tunnel from which we could perceive the beauties of Hakone. At one end of the tunnel we could see the calm surface of Lake Ashino, and at the other side Gotemba with the snow-capped Fuji in the rear. Down the long and serpentine road from Nagao Pass to Gotemba we ran. Finally we arrived in time for the 5:40 train for Yokohama. At Yamakita we were joined by the others. When we finally broke company at the Yokohama Station, all agreed that we had spent a very enjoyable day.

SUBSCRIPTION RETURN

The Forward Staff wishes to thank the entire school for the fine spirit manifested in the last drive for subscriptions. The final results do not seem very high; but when all conditions are considered-the financial depression and the resulting lack of moneythey are praiseworthy indeed.

Yes, boys, you have done well! Keep up loyally supporting your school magazine!

			No. of	No. of	
Place	Class	* 7	Boys	Subscription	Percentage
1st	IV High		10	56	56 %
		**********		113	48.7 %
3rd	IV Class		23	97	48.5 %
		*********		70	38.89%
		**********		66	38.82%
		**********		63	37 %
7th	_			59	36.8 %
	The state of the s	lass		40	20 %
-		*********		9	8.2 %



INDIVIDUAL CHAMPS

r FORWARD

We wish to introduce Desmond Stephens of Class III who set a record for individuals. He has 40 subscriptions to his credit. Fine work, Stephens !

Other High Scorers are: -Kern 28; L. Frank 22; Emery 21; Meyers 18; Chirskoff 13; Crane 12; McFarlane 11; Agajan 10: Planas 10; Harris 10; Thomas 10; W. Blamey 10; Bavier 10; Albeck 10; S. Sakai 10.



Geo. A. Beckman '31

HER DISGUST

A servant girl was given some macaroni by her mistress to prepare for the table.

Noticing her astonishment, her mistress said: "Didn't you ever cook macaroni at your last place?"

"Cook it indeed! We used them things to light the gas with!"

QUESTION OF RELATIVITY

"And can you cook like mother used to?"

"Yes, if you can stand indigestion like your father used to."

OBEDIENCE

The master, to impress on his pupils the need of thinking before speaking, told them to count fifty before saying anything important, and one hundred if it was very important.

A few days later he was speaking with his back to the fire,

when he noticed several lips moving rapidly.

"Ninety-nine, hundred, your coat tail's on fire."

HIS UNKINDNESS

Mrs. Jones: "I've taken very great pains over these cakes, dear, and...'

Mr. Jones: "And now, I suppose, you want to see if they'll have the same effect upon me."

PLAIN MURDER

Street-Car Conductor: "Madame, this transfer has expired."

Irate Lady: "Well you can't expect much else with the cars so poorly ventilated."

A COINCIDENCE

Obadiah: "I think Peggy will be an ideal wife. Every time I go to her home I find her darning her father's socks."

Joshua: "That caught me too; until I noticed it was always the same sock."

REVERSE SANTA CLAUS

Bride: "Men are brutes. My husband promised me a surprise if

I learnt to cook, so I took lessons."

Friend: "How thrilling. What was the surprise?"

Bride: "He dismissed our cook."

SAFETY FIRST

"Yes," said the timid passenger to the airplane pilot. "I understand I'm to sit still and not be afraid and all that, but tell me, if something happens and we fall, what do I do?"

"Oh, that's easy," said the pilot. "Just grab anything that

we're passing and hang on."

ASK-ME-ANOTHER

Q.: What goes around the house and leaves no track? Ans.: Wind.

Q.: What is hard on water, -soft on fire?

Ans.: Lard.

Q.: There is something in the well we can not get. What is it? Ans.: A pool.

Q.: Why is the capital of Ireland the richest city in the world?

Ans.: Because it is always Dublin. (doubling)

Q.: If the Alphabet were invited to dinner what letters could not

Ans.: The last six, because they would have to wait till after tea (t).

Q.: What turns without moving?

Ans.: Milk.

Q.: What has a mouth but makes no remark?

Ans.: A bottle.

Q.: Can a bird eat a bushel of apples in a day?

Ans.: Yes. By taking a peck at a time.

Q.: What has a head but no brain?

Ans.: A match.

Q.: What is the saddest bird?

Ans.: Blue Bird.

Q.: What beats a horse that can count?

Ans.: A spelling-bee.

HIS REASON

After a long talk on the value of peace, goodwill and disarmament, a teacher asked his class if they objected to war.

"Please, sir, I do," said one boy,

"Good," said the teacher, believing his words had proved effective, "why?"

"Because wars make history, and I hate history."

ORDER OF THE PUNCH

"Tickets ready," said the inspector, as the passengers filed past. One man—a season-ticket holder for some time—thought his face was well enough known to allow him to pass through the barrier. The inspector called him back and demanded his ticket.

"My face is my ticket," said the gentleman, a trifle annoyed. "Indeed," said the inspector, rolling back his sleeves. "Well, my orders are to punch all tickets passing on to this platform."

NOT SATISFIED

"You don't seem pleased when I suggest you have a lovely disposition."

"I am not. Telling a girl she has a lovely disposition is usually a sort of apology for not being able to say she is either pretty or interesting."

MADE UP

Mrs. Smith: "Well, she must be over forty, but she doesn't look thirty. I wonder how she does it?"

Mrs. Jones: "Oh! she manages to make up the difference."

FORWARD

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, Then why shouldn't booth in the plural be beeth? If the plural of man is always men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice, But more than one house is most surely not hise. A cow in the plural is probably kine, But bow repeated is never called bine. The one may be that and two would be those, Yet hat in the plural would never be hose. We speak of a brother and also of brethren, But we say mother, we never say methren. The masculine pronouns are he, his and him, But imagine a feminine she, shis and shim! So then English, I fancy you agree, Is the funniest language you ever did see.

DESPERATE CASE

Sympathizer: "How's your insomnia?" Incurable: "Worse and worse; I can't sleep when it's time to get up."

FLOURISHING INDUSTRIES

Teacher: "What is Boston noted for?"

"Boots and shoes." Johnny:

Teacher: "Correct, and Chicago?" Johnny: "Shoots and booze."

REALISM

The boss was very busy. He glanced with impatience at the visitor's card, which the office-boy placed on the desk before him. "I can't see him !" he snapped. "Go and tell him I'm out. But make it sound convincing. I'm particularly anxious not to offend him."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. He walked thoughtfully over to the door. Then he turned. "Look here, sir," he added, "don't you think it might seem more convincing if I went to him smoking one of your cigars?"

WHY NOT?

Jennie: "Why, Cecily, you look radiant. What has happened?"

Cecily: "I've just received an invitation to a wedding."

"Well, that's nothing to go into raptures over."

"Ah! but this happens to be my own."

THE MOON AS A POET SEES IT.

Floating onward over the sky, The moon serenely wends its way, Reminds me of a great big pie, 'Spite all that people want to say.

Stuart M. Manley

BOTTOM UP

Teacher: "What is an island, Tommy?" Tommy: "An island-Oh, an island is that part of the sea where a bit of the bottom sticks up out of the water."

OUT OF DATE

The newly-married man sat down at the tea-table in the middle of which was his wife's first cake.

"Now, Tom dear," she said, "you must try my cake-it's a new idea I got from a newspaper, and I think it's a great success."

Tom helped himself to a slice. Silently he chewed and chewed -it was heavy and solid, with dark lumps.

"Lovely, isn't it?"

"Er-yes, dear!" he replied. "What-er-do you call this sort of cake?

"It's a date cake," said his wife triumphantly.

"Well, dear," he said, "don't you think the date goes back a bit too far?"

ENEMIES

A priest had laboured hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whisky. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whisky is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can."

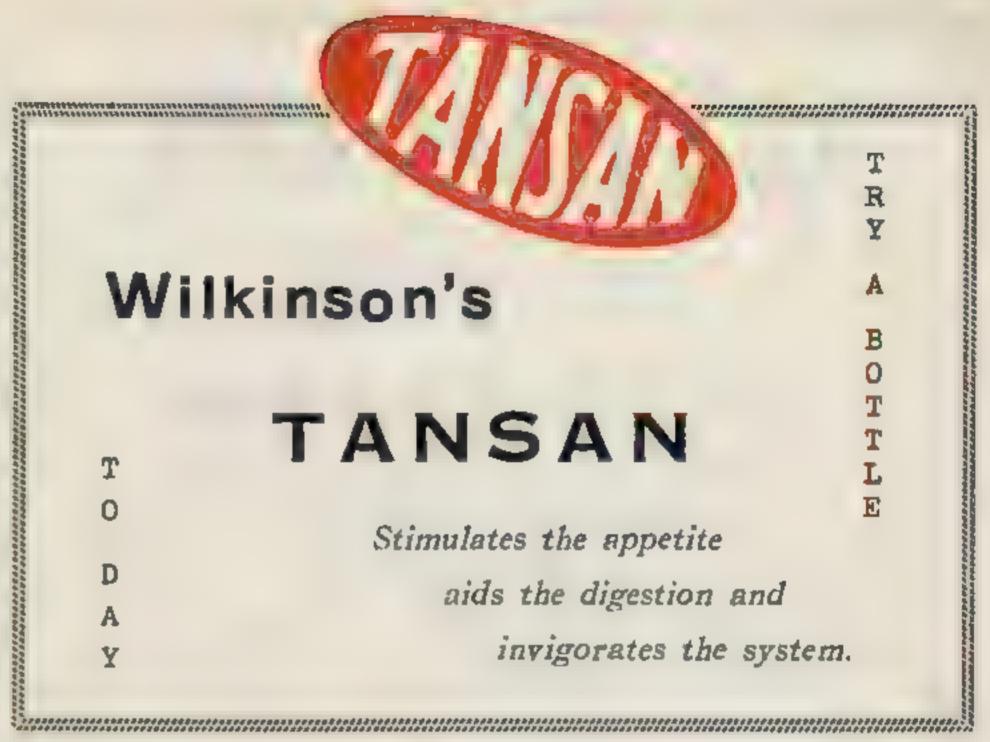
"Me enemy, is it, Father?" responded Michael; "and it was your riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday

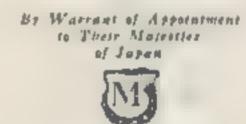
to love our enemies."

"So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them,"

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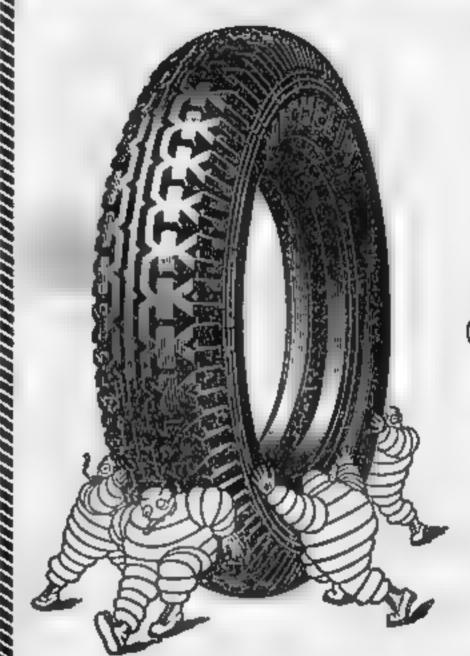
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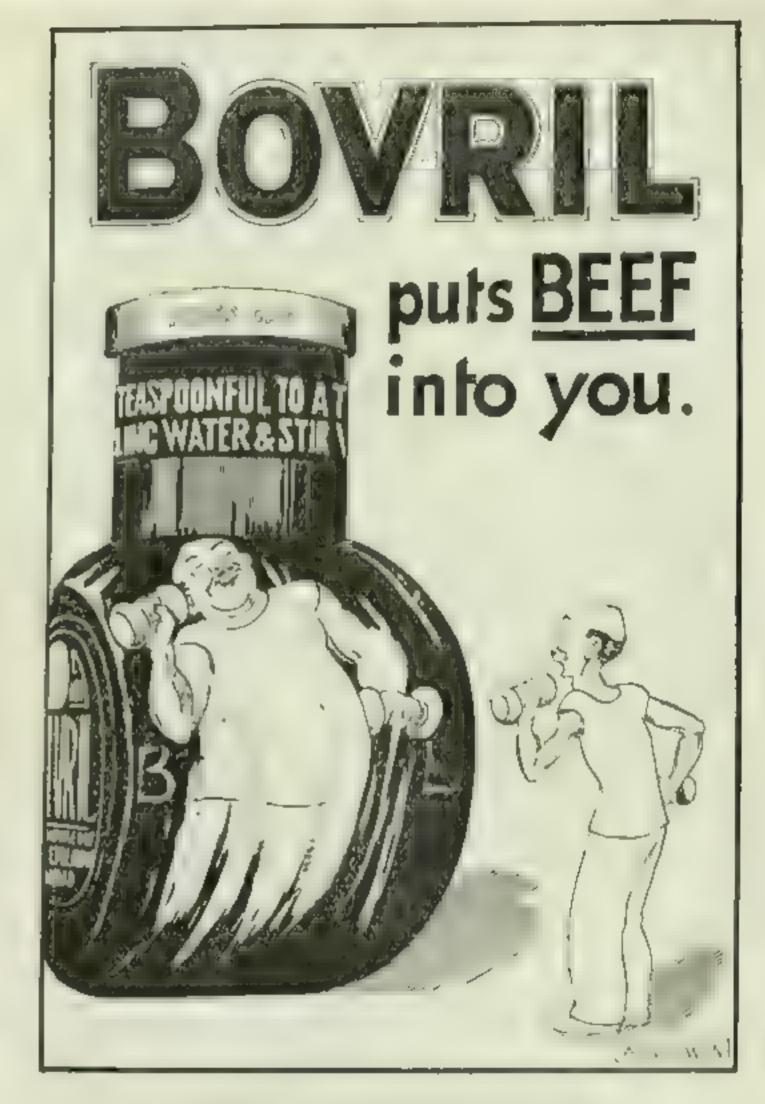
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